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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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REQUIEM!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

REQUIEM FOR a PUG!

OUR STORY BEGINS HERE, AT THE ENRICO FERMI RESEARCH CENTER IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN...

OH, NO, TOOMEY! THE :GASP: MONITOR! L-LOOK AT IT!

THE MESON-REACTOR! IT'S PUTTING OUT SIX... SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH RADIATION AS IT SHOULD BE! CAN'T YOU SHUT IT DOWN?

I-I'M TRYING! B-BUT THE DEACTIVATORS ARE JAMMED! THE POWER LINES MUST'VE FUSED DUE TO THE INTENSE OVERHEATING!

W-WE NEED A MIRACLE, TOOMEY! AND WE NEED IT FAST! B-BECAUSE IF WE DON'T GET ONE WITHIN THE NEXT THREE MINUTES, THE MESON-REACTOR'S GOING TO EXPLODE--

-- AND WHEN IT DOES, IT'S GOING TO TAKE HALF OF NEW YORK CITY WITH IT!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

UNUSUAL RADIATION OF SOME KIND... EMANATING FROM THAT CONCRETE BUILDING!.. DISTORTING MY RADAR SENSE! AND THOSE VOICES COMING FROM INSIDE... THEY SOUND FRIGHTENED, AGITATED!

IT TAKES BUT SECONDS FOR THE RED-CLAD AVENGER TO REACH THE RESEARCH CENTER. AND WHEN HE DOES...

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE, DAREDEVIL! I-IF ANYONE MIGHT BE ABLE TO AVERT THIS CATASTROPHE, IT'S YOU!

IF ONLY YOU'D ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES EARLIER! BY NOW IT'S PROBABLY TOO LATE, EVEN FOR--

BETTER CALM DOWN AND FILL ME IN, GENTLEMEN!

DUE TO FORCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL (NAMELY THE DREADED DEADLINE DOOM) OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED DD EPIC IS POSTPONED UNTIL NEXT ISSUE. HOWEVER, WE'RE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS VERY SPECIAL ISSUE.

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Y-YOU'RE *RIGHT*, DAREDEVIL! O-OF *COURSE!*

HERE! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS *MONITOR!* IT SHOWS WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE *REACTOR* CHAMBER! OUR NEW, EXPERIMENTAL *MESON-REACTOR* IS SURGING OUT OF *CONTROL*, UNLEASHING, MANY TIMES THE *NORMAL* LEVEL OF MESON *RADIATION!*

IT'S UP TO *TEN* TIMES MORE NOW, PROFESSOR! AND THE *DEACTIVATOR* SWITCHES STILL WON'T *BUDGE!*

THE *RADIATION*... EVEN INSIDE THIS *CONTROL* ROOM IT'S POUNDING AT MY RADAR SENSE, *DISTORTING* IT, MAKING IT HARD FOR ME TO GET A FIX ON WHAT'S GOING *ON* IN THERE!

QUICKLY, TELL ME! WHAT DO I HAVE TO *DO* TO SHUT THAT THING *DOWN!*

HERE, DAREDEVIL! YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS *BLUEPRINT!*

UNKNOWN TO THE TWO SCIENTISTS, OF COURSE, DAREDEVIL CANNOT ACTUALLY SEE IN THE NORMAL SENSE, BUT--

--MY SUPER-HUMAN SENSE OF TOUCH ENABLES ME TO *FEEL* THE PRINTING ON THE PAPER, AND THEREBY *"READ"* IT AS IF I *COULD* SEE IT!

ONCE I GET INSIDE THAT REACTOR CHAMBER, THAT MESON RADIATION IS GOING TO START FOULING UP MY RADAR SENSE-EVEN *WORSE* THAN IT IS OUT *HERE!*

I'VE GOT TO MEMORIZE EVERY LAST DETAIL OF THIS *BLUEPRINT*... GET IT DOWN *PERFECT!*

HURRIEDLY, DESPERATELY, THE SCIENTISTS PROVIDE THE CRIMSON-CLAD HERO WITH THE VITAL FACTS HE NEEDS TO HELP THEM SHUT DOWN THE REACTOR. AND THEN...

GOOD *LUCK*, DAREDEVIL! YOU'VE GOT LESS THAN TWO MINUTES *LEFT!* AND REMEMBER, THE *POWER* LINES ARE--

I REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN. DON'T WORRY!

LOOK AT HIM, PROFESSOR! L-LOOK AT HOW CALMLY HE'S WALKING *IN* THERE! Y-YOU'D THINK HE WAS TAKING A STROLL IN *CENTRAL PARK* INSTEAD OF--

--INSTEAD OF WALKING TO ALMOST CERTAIN *DOOM!* I KNOW WHAT YOU *MEAN*, TOOMEY! BUT I SUPPOSE THAT--

--THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR!*

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE LEAD-LINED REACTOR CHAMBER, DAREDEVIL'S BODY IS PUMMELLED BY WAVES OF DEADLY RADIATION THAT POUND AT HIS FRAME WITH HURRICANE FORCE...

RADAR SENSE... *USELESS* IN... HERE...! SENSE OF DIRECTION'S ALL... SCREWED... *UP*...!

TH-THANK HEAVENS MY... MY SUPERSENSITIVE SENSE OF *TOUCH* STILL... *FUNCTIONS*...!

G-GOT TO... *ORIENT* MYSELF BY... BY SENSING THE ELECTRICAL *CURRENT*... SURGING THROUGH THE HEAVY-DUTY *POWER* LINES BURIED BENEATH THE... CONCRETE *FLOOR*...

...THEN... THEN *ALIGN* MYSELF IN... IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE... THE *BLUEPRINT!*

RADIATION'S... HAMMERING AT ME LIKE A... A *CYCLONE*...! F-FEEL LIKE I'M BLACKING ...*OUT*...!

B-BUT I... I *CAN'T*... BLACK OUT...! G-GOT TO REACH THOSE FUSED... *DEACTIVATOR*... CABLES...! G-GOT TO *REACH*... THEM...!

G-GOT TO PULL THEM... *APART*...! S-SORT THEM ...*OUT*...!

...G-GET THEM *RECONNECTED*... IN THE RIGHT... *ORDER*... LONG ENOUGH FOR... FOR SCIENTISTS TO...

...TO DEACTIVATE... DEACTIVATE...!

TH-THANK *GOD*...! I-I'VE *DONE*... IT...! TH-THE RADIATION'S... *ABATING*! TH-THE MESON-PROJECTORS HAVE... *SHUT DOWN*...! I-I DON'T THINK I... COULD'VE TAKEN IT FOR ANOTHER... *SECOND*...!

SECONDS LATER...

YOU *DID* IT, DAREDEVIL! YOU SAVED US--AND THE ENTIRE CITY! YOU'RE A *REAL* HERO! *THANK YOU!*

DON'T MENTION IT, PROFESSOR! N-NOW IF YOU'LL ...*EXCUSE* ME...I'VE GOT *BUSINESS* TO... TO...

ARE YOU ALL *RIGHT*, DAREDEVIL? MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL A DOCTOR.

N-NO, THANK YOU! I-I'M... *FINE...!*

BUT OUTSIDE THE LAB...

F-FEEL DIZZY... WEAK...! B-BUT I'LL PROBABLY START TO FEEL BETTER ONCE I GET *AWAY* FROM HERE... GET SOME FRESH *AIR!*

MOMENTS LATER, IN A DESERTED ALLEYWAY, AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CHANGES INTO THE CLOTHING HE WEARS AS BLIND ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK...

I-I'M FEELING A LITTLE BETTER ALREADY!

J-JUST A LITTLE *DIZZY*, A LITTLE NAUSEOUS, THAT'S ALL! STILL, MAYBE THOSE SCIENTISTS WERE RIGHT! MAYBE I *SHOULD* SEE A DOCTOR!

I MUST HAVE ABSORBED A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF RADIATION, AND ALTHOUGH THAT'S HOW I FIRST *GAINED* MY POWERS*--

*AND LOST HIS SIGHT-- IN D.D. #1 --AL.

UNNHHH! P-PAIN IN... *HEAD...!* A-AWFUL... *PAIN...!*

C-CAN'T HELP... MYSELF...! BLACKING OU-- *

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK COLLAPSES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE RUBBISH-STREWN ALLEYWAY... AND LIES THERE...

FIVE HOURS PASS. SIX HOURS. SEVEN.

AND WHEN HE FINALLY AWAKENS...

GOOD LORD! WH-WHY AM I LYING *HERE*, IN THIS *ALLEY*? I SHOULD BE GETTING--

WAIT A MINUTE! SHOULD BE GETTING *WHERE*? I-I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER *ANYTHING!*

I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER... WHO I *AM*...!

THIS *CANE*! THESE DARK *GLASSES*! THEY'RE LIKE THE KIND *BLIND* MEN USE!

B-BUT THAT'S *RIDICULOUS*! I'M NOT *BLIND*!

A-AT LEAST I'M NOT BLIND IN THE *ORDINARY* SENSE! IT'S AS THOUGH I POSSESSED SOME SORT OF... SOME SORT OF SIXTH *SENSE*!

PEOPLE, OBJECTS... I CAN SENSE THEIR *MOVEMENT*, *SHAPE*, ALL *KINDS* OF THINGS ABOUT THEM!

SO WHY ON EARTH AM I CARRYING THIS--

WHA--!? IT BROKE *APART*... INTO TWO SEPARATE *PIECES*! I'LL JUST PUT THEM INSIDE MY *COAT*, IN CASE THIS SPECIAL RADAR-LIKE *SENSE* OF MINE BLANKS *OUT* ON ME!

PRESENTLY...

I'M NOT CARRYING ANY *IDENTIFICATION* ON ME, SO I STILL DON'T KNOW MY REAL *NAME*!

BUT LET'S SEE WHAT I *DO* KNOW ABOUT MYSELF! I'M WELL *DRESSED*, WHICH--

HUH!? A *GUNSHOT*!

A-AND IT SOUNDED LIKE A *DYNAMITE* EXPLOSION GOING OFF IN MY EAR! MY HEARING MUST BE A HUNDRED TIMES MORE *ACUTE* THAN AN *ORDINARY* MAN'S!

WE GOT DA *SPARKLERS*, LOUIE! LET'S SCRAM *OUTTA* HERE!

I'M RIGHT *WIT'* YA, HYMIE!

WHA--?! *THUGS* ROBBING THE *DIAMOND* EXCHANGE!

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE *AFRAID* OF THEM, BUT... BUT FOR *SOME* REASON I'M NOT AFRAID AT *ALL!*

HUNH--!?!

HEY, WHAT *IS* THIS GUY-- LOOKIN' TO GET AN INVITATION TO HIS OWN FUNERAL OR *WHAT?*

COME AN' *GET* IT, YOU SCREWBALL!

HE'S TRYING TO INTIMIDATE ME BY ACTING *TOUGH*, BUT I--I CAN ACTUALLY *HEAR* THE SOUND OF HIS *HEARTBEAT*... AND HE'S PLENTY *NERVOUS!*

AND THIS SPECIAL RADAR EYE-SIGHT OF MINE! I-IT'S *UNCANNY!* I CAN SENSE FROM THE ANGLE OF HIS GUN BARREL THAT HE'S FIRING *WIDE*, MISSING *AGAIN!*

POW

AND I *ALSO* KNOW THAT THAT'S THE *LAST* SHOT HE'S EVER GOING TO GET OFF!

UNNGHH!

WHY YOU--

UNNHHH!

IT'S TWO AGAINST *ONE*, BUT FOR SOME REASON I STILL FEEL *CONFIDENT, UNAFRAID!* COULD IT BE THAT I'M REALLY A *POLICEMAN*, OR A PRIVATE *DETECTIVE?*

THOSE MUGS YOU HIRED FOR THE DIAMOND HEIST ARE SURE EATIN' SOME *SHELLAC* OUT THERE MR. KYLE! YOU WANT I SHOULD--

NO PUGGY! LEAVE THEM BE!

WHAT I *DO* WANT YOU TO DO IS GIVE ME YOUR PROFESSIONAL *ESTIMATION* OF OUR MR. GOOD SAMARITAN OUT THERE!

WELL, I THINK HE'S MAYBE GOT THE MAKIN'S OF A PRETTY GOOD *PRIZEFIGHTER*, MR. HYLE.

THAT'S WHAT I THINK, *TOO*, PUGGY! SO WHY DON'T YOU GET *OUT* THERE LIKE A *GOOD* LITTLE PUG AND BRING HIM ON OVER HERE TO *MEET* ME!

HEY! *FELLA!* I BEEN WATCHIN' YOU TAKE ON THEM TWO *MUGS*, AN'... AN', WELL THAT WAS SOME PRETTY GOOD-QUALITY *PUNCHIN'* YOU WAS DOIN'!

THANKS! ARE YOU A *POLICEMAN?* WE OUGHT TO--

NAW, NAW! I AIN'T A *COPPER!* I WORK FOR *MR. HYLE* HERE! HE'S A BIG FIGHT PROMOTER! HE SAYS, LIKE, HE WANTS TO *MEETCHA!*

ACTUALLY, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO MEET YOU AT *ALL* MR. STREET FIGHTER! I REALLY WANT YOU TO MEET--*RAMONA!*

P-PLEASE, BOSS! K-KEEP THAT BEASTIE *AWAY!* Y-YOU KNOW HOW I--

HA HA! PUGGY'S ALWAYS BEEN SCARED TO *DEATH* OF RAMONA, BUT YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF HER AT ALL, *ARE* YOU, STREET FIGHTER?

NO, SIR, I'M NOT!

GRRRRR

WELL I HAPPEN TO *LIKE* THAT, MISTER! I LIKE IT VERY *MUCH!*

I LIKE IT *SO* MUCH, IN FACT, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE *GYM* AND SEE JUST HOW GOOD YOU CAN PUNCH WITH A PAIR OF *GLOVES* ON!

SOON...

PSST! DOVER! I GOT A NEW SNOT-NOSE KID WHO THINKS HE'S TOUGH!

SURE T'ING, MR. HYLE! UNHF!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE AMNESIC MATT MURDOCK CHANGES CLOTHES IN THE GYMNASIUM LOCKER ROOM...

WHA--!? THIS COSTUME, UNDER MY STREET CLOTHES! WHAT AM I, SOME KIND OF CIRCUS PERFORMER OR SOMETHING?

NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT NOW! I'LL JUST STOW THE COSTUME IN MY LOCKER AND WORRY ABOUT IT LATER!

AT LEAST UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHO I AM, I'LL NEED SOME KIND OF JOB! IF I DO WELL IN THE RING OUT THERE, MAYBE THAT MR. HYLE WILL OFFER ME ONE!

THERE HE IS, DOVER! GO TO IT, BOY!

GOTCHA, MR. HYLE!

YOU BE CAREFUL IN THERE, KID! THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' THAT GIVES MR. HYLE A BIGGER KICK THAN TO SEE OLD DOVER POUND A NEW KID INTO THE CANVAS!

DON'T WORRY, PUGGY! I CAN LOOK OUT FOR MYSELF!

WHA--!? THAT RIGHT CROSS NEARLY TAGGED ME! HE MAY BE BIG, BUT HE'S FAST AS A COBRA!

C'MON, KID! STAND STILL! Y'AIN'T 'FRAID OF OL' DOVER, ARE YA, HUH?

HE'S GOT ME PEGGED AS AN AMATEUR, SO HE'S COMING RIGHT AT ME, TRYING TO INTIMIDATE ME! AND IN DOING THAT, HE'S COMMITTING THE PRIMAL SIN OF A CARELESS BOXER: LEAVING HIS GUARD--

--DOWN!

UNGGHH!

KRAK

ATTA BOY, KID! ATTA BOY!

YOUR NEW BOY SURE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD ONE, DON'T HE, MR. HYLE?

YOU'RE GONNA CLEAN UP ON HIM, RIGHT, MR. HYLE?

I SURE AM, BOYS! I SURELY AM!

AND SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE AMNESIC MATT MURDOCK TRAINS RELENTLESSLY FOR HIS NEW-FOUND BOXING CAREER...

THAT'S IT, KID! REMEMBER, YA GOTTA PROTECT YOUR BODY WITH YOUR *RIGHT* WHEN YA USE THAT LEFT HOOK!

YOU'RE HITTIN' TOO *HIGH*, KID! LEAN TO BRING THEM JABS IN *LOW!*

YOU LOOKED REAL *GOOD* TODAY, KID! NOW *C'MON!* LET'S GO HIT THEM *SHOWERS!*

THAT'S THE WAY KID-- SNAP THAT JAB!

PRESENTLY...

YOU'S A REAL GOOD *PUNCHER*, KID! WITH LOTSA HARD *WORK*, AN' ME HELPIN' YA OUT AN' TEACHIN' YA ALL I *KNOW*, ONE DAY YOU COULD BE A REAL *CHAMPEEN!*

Y'KNOW, *I* WAS A FIGHTER ONCE, KID! BUT I WASN'T NEVER CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL LIKE *YOU* ARE! I WAS JUST A *PUG!* THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY JUST CALLS ME *PUGGY!*

BUT YOU WATCH OUT FOR THAT *MR. HYLE*, KID! YOU JUST WATCH *OUT* FOR HIM! 'CAUSE HE DON'T HAVE THAT LOVE OF FIGHTIN' LIKE YOU AN' *ME* HAVE IT! ALL HE CARES 'BOUT IS *MONEY*, AN' HE'D ICE HIS OWN *GRAND-MOTHER* TO *GET* IT!

THE DAYS BECOME WEEKS AS MATT MURDOCK BEGINS A METEORIC RISE IN THE WORLD OF BOXING...

THIS GUY TONIGHT'S PRETTY *TOUGH*, KID! YA THINK YOU'RE READY?

DON'T WORRY, PUGGY! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

...HE SCORES VICTORY AFTER VICTORY AS HE BATTLES HIS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE PUGILISTIC RANKS...

POW

GOOD GRAVY! DID YOU SEE THAT? A FIRST ROUND KNOCKOUT!

AND HE BRINGS IN A STEADY WINDFALL OF GAMBLING WINNINGS TO HIS "SPONSOR," MR. HYLE...

THAT'S IT, BOYS! ANTE RIGHT UP! HEH HEH HEH!

AND LATE ONE NIGHT

YOU DID GOOD TONIGHT KID! REAL GOOD! PRETTY SOON THEY'RE GONNA BE LISTING YOU AMONG THE RANKING CONTENDERS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

THANK YOU, MR HYLE! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

BUT EVEN IN VICTORY, MATT MURDOCK'S HEART ... TORMENTED BY THE SAME AGONIZING QUESTION ...

WHO AM I? WHAT KIND OF LIFE HAVE I LEFT BEHIND ME?

AND THIS COSTUME! WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHY WAS I WEARING IT UNDERNEATH MY STREET CLOTHES?

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER -- WONDERING ... NOT KNOWING!

I-I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL IT MAY BE!

DARED STILL M

WHATEVER IT TAKES, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

DAREDEVIL STILL MISSING

AND THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, AS MATT MURDOCK REPORTS TO THE STADIUM FOR HIS MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT TO DATE.

BOXING TONIGHT

THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT THIS BOXING BUSINESS, ABOUT ME BEING A BOXER!

IT'S SO FAMILIAR TO ME SOMEHOW, ALMOST AS IF I'VE KNOWN ABOUT IT ALL MY LIFE, AS IF--

AND I SAY THE KID TAKES A DIVE!

WHA--?

WE'VE WORKED REAL HARD BUILDING THE KID UP AS A CONTENDER! SO FAR HE'S WON EVERY FIGHT HE'S BEEN IN! THERE'LL BE BIG MONEY ON HIM TO WIN TONIGHT! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PULL THE RUG OUT

- AND WE'LL CLEAN UP AROUND HERE JUST LIKE IT WAS *CHRISTMAS!*

WHAT IF HE DON'T *GO* FOR IT, MR HYLE?

HE'LL *GO* FOR IT

W WAIT A MINUTE, MR [illegible] MAKE A *MISTAKE* TO GO THIS DIVE ROUTE WITH THE K-

I MEAN, THE KID'S *GREAT*, MR HYLE! HE'S HE'S A NATURAL TO BE A *CHAMP* SOMEDAY! I MEAN WHY DON'T WE JUST PLAY IT *STRAIGHT* FOR ONCE, MR HYLE? WHY--

RAMONA!

[illegible] *RUNS* [illegible]

N-N *P-PLEASE* MR HYLE! I-I WASN'T! I JUST

YOU *JUST*, ALL RIGHT! YOU JUST GET YOUR *BUTT* [illegible] TO THE [illegible] MAN [illegible] THAT [illegible] THERE [illegible] OR *ELSE!*

THAT'S [illegible] *KNOWING* IT, I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF INVOLVED WITH A BUNCH OF *CROOKS!*

WELL THE F[illegible] THE *LEAST* OF MY WORRIES! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE *THAT!* BUT WHY DOES THIS WHOLE SITUATION [illegible] *FEELING* ABOUT IT [illegible] LIVED THROUGH IT *BEFORE?*

[illegible] *REASONABLE* [illegible] TOLD [illegible]

I'M NOT THROWING THE *FIGHT*, PUGGY! [illegible] *FINAL!*

PLEASE, [illegible] I [illegible] HOW YA *FEEL!* B BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HYLE LIKE *I* DO, KID! HE'LL *KILL* YA!

FORGET IT, PUGGY I'M GOING OUT THERE TONIGHT AND I'M GOING TO *WIN!*

AND SO

PLEASE KID! WON'TCHA MAYBE AT LEAST-

NO I'LL TRY I WON'T!

HEY KID! YOU GO OUT THERE AND GIVE THE PEOPLE A HELLUVA SHOW FOR THEIR MONEY, EH?

DON'T WORRY MR HYLE I WILL

YOU BOYS SPREAD THEM BETS AROUND ALL OVER TOWN LIKE I TOLD YOU TO, SAMMY?

WHERE DO MR HYLE

THE TELEVISION AND THE RADIO ANNOUNCERS ON THE START OF THE BIG FIGHT

AND NOW

IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER WHY IT ALL SEEMED SO FAMILIAR TO ME! WHY IT FEELS AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE!

POW!

THE IDEA OF BEING A PRIZEFIGHTER MIXED UP WITH GANGSTERS.. KEEPING TO TAKE A DIVE..! SOMEHOW TO ALL PART OF ME

WHOOK

H-HOLY TOLEDO! TH-THE KID'S KNOCKED HIM OUT!

I'LL PAY FOR THIS YOU KITTEN LITTLE CREEP! NOBODY MAKES HYLE LOSE THIS! YOU HEAR ME? NOBODY!

HA HA! HE WENT DOWN LIKE A TREE, KID! THAT WAS FANTASTIC!

YEAH, KID NO KIDDIN'! IT WAS TERRIFIC! BUT NOW WE GOTTA GET THEM GLOVES OFF AND GET YOU OUTTA HERE!

I LOVED IT KID BELIEVE ME I LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT! BUT HYLE AIN'T ONE TO PLAY AROUND AFTER HE'S BEEN TOOK TO THE CLEANERS!

PUGGY'S RIGHT KID! THE BOSS IS MAD, REAL MAD!

YEAH! THAT'S WHY HE ASKED US, AS A FAVOR, TO KNDA PUT THE KIBOSH ON YOUR PRIZEFIGHTIN' CAREER! YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN, KID?

N-NO DON'T

FATHER!

UNNGHH!

BAM BLAM

PUGGY! THEY KILLED HIM! AND I CALLED HIM... FATHER..!

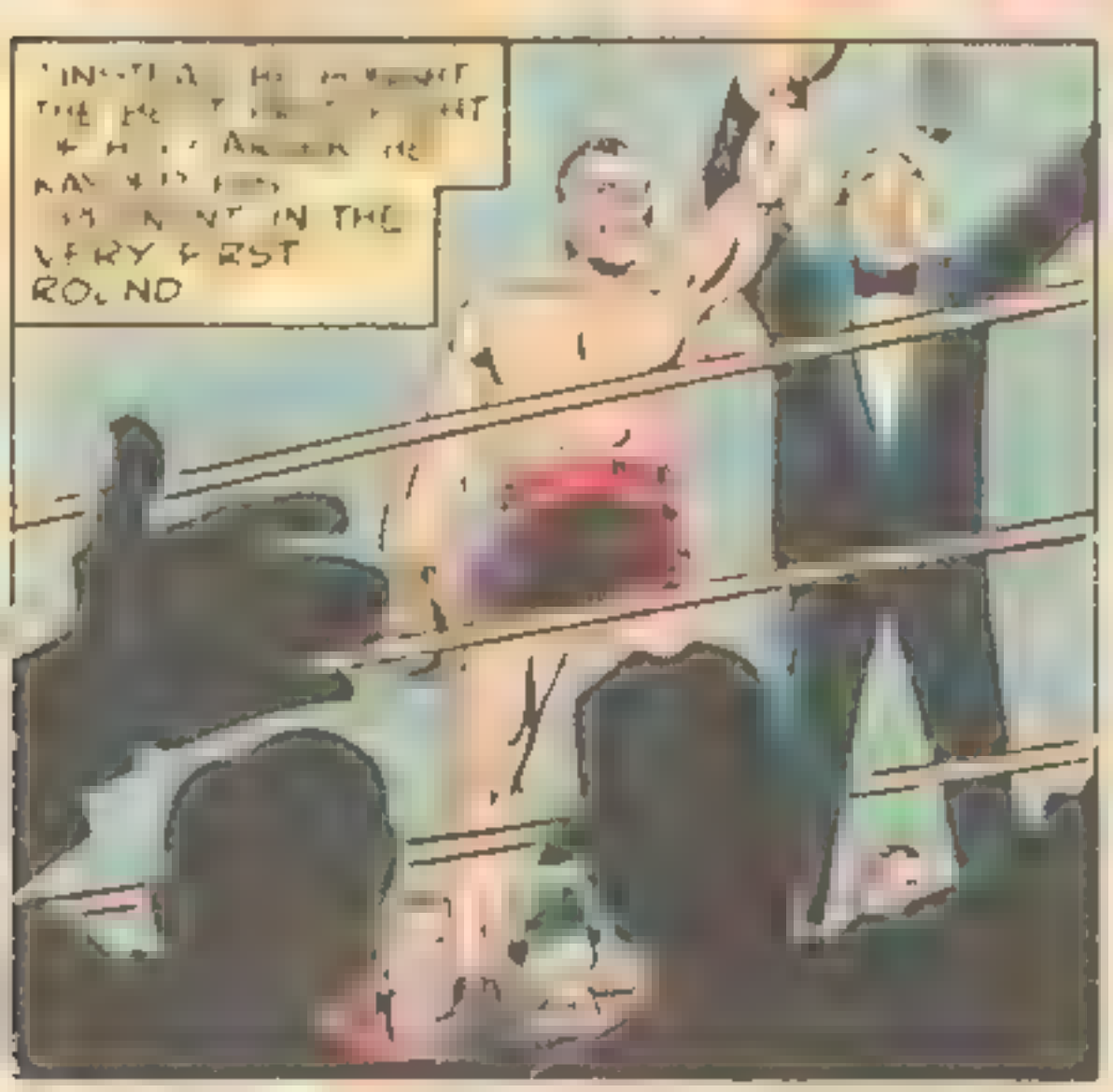
I REMEMBER NOW!

I REMEMBER IT ALL!

UNNNHHH!

KOHOK

I'M MATT MURDOCK! MY FATHER WAS BATTLIN' MURDOCK!



FIGHT AGAINST EVIL AS DAREDEVIL...
"IT WAS HIS COURAGE THAT INSPIRED ME TO BECOME THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!"

MEANWHILE...

IT'S PITCH *DARK* IN THERE, BOSS! BUT WE SAW HIM RUN DOWN THIS *HALL!* THAT MEANS HE'S GOTTA BE HIDIN' IN THE *LOCKER* ROOM!

GO *AHEAD* THEN! KICK THE *DOOR* IN!

NOW GO AHEAD, RAMONA! EAT THE PUNK FOR DINNER!

WHILE INSIDE THE DARKENED LOCKER ROOM...

UH-OH! SOMETHING'S UP! THEY KICKED OPEN THE DOOR BUT THEY DIDN'T--

WAIT A MINUTE! I GET IT NOW!

THEY'VE LET THAT BIG CAT IN HERE-- I CAN *SMELL* HER AND MY SUPER-SENSITIVE *HEARING* IS PICKING UP THE FAINT SOUND OF HER FOOT-PADS ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

BUT WHERE IN BLAZES *IS* SHE? SHE'S NOT ON THE *FLOOR!* IF SHE WERE, I'D BE PICKING UP THE *VIBRATIONS!*

I DOUSED THE LIGHTS BECAUSE I FIGURED THAT'D GIVE ME AN ADVANTAGE OVER THOSE THUGS!

I DIDN'T FIGURE--

WAIT! I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ON THE *LOCKERS!* OF *COURSE!* SHE'S GOTTEN UP *ABOVE* ME! I CAN FEEL HER *TENSING!*

SHE'S ABOUT TO SPRING!

GRRRRRRR

WHEW! THANKS TO MY SUPER-SENSES, I GOT THAT BENCH BETWEEN THE CAT AND ME IN *TIME!*

SHE'S ON THE FLOOR NOW, *STALKING* ME! IT'S BECOME A GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE AND I DON'T THINK THERE'S TOO MUCH QUESTION WHO THE *MOUSE* IS!

THERE SHE IS! SHE'S SIX FEET AWAY, ALL FOUR PAWS ON THE GROUND, COILED TO *SPRING!* IF I WANT TO STAY *ALIVE* I'D BETTER TIME THIS PERFECTLY!

GRRRRRRR

HERE SHE COMES! SHE'S IN THE *AIR* NOW! GETTING *CLOSER!* THREE FEET... TWO FEET...

YOU *MISSED* ME, RAMONA!

BUT GUESS *WHAT!*

THAT'S *RIGHT*, KITTY CAT! I'VE GOT *YOU!*

BUT NOW THAT I'VE *GOT* YOU, WHAT AM I GOING TO *DO* WITH YOU?

GRRRRRRR

HEH HEH! HEAR ALL THAT SNARLING AND *GROWLING*, BOYS? THAT MEANS OLD *RAMONA* IS BUSY CHEWING THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING *PUNK* INTO A PILE OF *GAINESBURGERS!*

UNNHHHH!

HUNH--!?!

KA-WHAM!

WH-WHAT TH--?! D-DAREDEVIL!

TH-THE KID! WH-WHERE *IS* HE? WHO--

I SENT HIM TO GET THE POLICE! YOU'RE *THROUGH*, HYLE!

ME? *THROUGH*? OH, I WOULDN'T SAY *THAT*, DD! I WOULDN'T SAY I'M THROUGH AT *ALL*!

YOU *SEE*, DD, WHEN YOU COME UP THE HARD, *GHETTO* WAY LIKE *I* DID, YOU LEARN HOW TO *HANDLE* PUNKS WHAT ARE TRYING TO CAUSE YOU *TROUBLE*!

YOU LEARN HOW TO ALWAYS BE -- HOW SHOULD I SAY IT -- *PREPARED*! YOU DIG WHAT I *MEAN*, HORNHEAD?

CLICK

WITH THE DESPERATION OF A MADMAN, HYDE LUNGES...

HE KNOWS HOW TO *STREET-FIGHT* ALL RIGHT... AND THOSE *KNIVES* OF HIS ARE *SHARP*!

I'VE GOT TO PARRY HIS *ATTACK*, TRY TO--

WHA--!? HE'S PULLED *BACK*, JUST WHEN HE HAD ME ON THE *DEFENSIVE*!

HE'S GOT A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE! I CAN *SENSE* IT!

THAT *SOUND!* WHAT IN BLAZES--?!

SNIK!

A RAZOR-SHARP *PROJECTILE* SHOOTING OFF THE BLADE OF HIS KNIFE--!

GOT TO *MOVE*-- AND *FAST*--

HUNH--!?

--KNOCK HIM DOWN --BEFORE HE CAN TRIGGER ANY *MORE* OF THOSE BLADES!

SENT REELING OFF-BALANCE BY THE FORCE OF DAREDEVIL'S BLOW, THE DAGGER-WIELDING RACKET CZAR WHIRLS, AND, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT--

GASP! I-I'VE STABBED *RAMONA!*

RRHHURR

REFLEXIVELY, THE POWERFUL CAT LASHES OUT AT ITS TORMENTOR, AND...

YAAAAHHH

GRRRRRRR

FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR! AND NO *WONDER!* ALL THAT *NOISE* WAS BOUND TO ATTRACT *SOMEONE'S* ATTENTION!

THAT MEANS DAREDEVIL CAN LEAVE TO CALL THE POLICE. THOUGH IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING FOR HYLE OR HIS PRECIOUS RAMONA.

LIFE CAN BE SO *WEIRD* SOMETIMES! I BECAME *DAREDEVIL* IN THE FIRST PLACE BECAUSE OF WHAT EVIL MEN DID TO MY *FATHER!*

TONIGHT, IN A SENSE, I BECAME DAREDEVIL A *SECOND* TIME, BECAUSE AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT THOSE DREAD EVENTS OF LONG AGO ROSE UP TO *REMIND* ME, AS NOTHING ELSE COULD HAVE, OF *WHO* I AM-- AND *WHY* THE WORLD NEEDS A *DAREDEVIL!*